From "I Am a Patsy! I Am a Patsy," book manuscript of George De Mohrenschildt, Dallas FBI file 89-43-148-352

in Haiti! a year before we met the Oswalds and we arrived in this island nine months before all hell broke lose in Dallas - and we were living there without interruption all during this time.

And so after a few particularly insisting reporters kept on calling me, and spending their evil money, I would hang-up.

But the worst was the attitude of the Ambassador Timmons, the charge d'affaires Curtis and all the other sycophants. But more on that subject later.

Then came an offer for us to appear on a televized interview for the NBC's The warren Report. The reporter's name was George McMillan and he asked if he could come all the way to Haiti to visit us. He sounded like an intelligent man and was provided with a good recommendation by a mutual friend. I did not commit myself to a televised interview but told McMillan that hew was welcome to visit us in Haiti.

A gruesom incident took place the day of his arrival at the old Port-au-Prince airport. After a season full of invasions - a group landed fro Cuba and made havoc all over Estern Haiti. They were well armed, familiar with the terrain and murdered indiscriminately. Eventually all of t

them were executed by the faithful "tonton-macoutes", TN's as we used to call thecall them. One of the invaddrs was brought in to Port-au-Prince, publicly executed and to show the Haitian populace that it wouldn'd pay to attack Papa Doc and his government: the dead body was then exhibited on the plaza near the airport with all the supplies and ammunition. The exhibit was attached to the chair and the swarm of flies around him was like a funeral smoke.

When McMillan, an experienced newsman arrived, he saw the commotion and the crowds surrounding the body. I did not want him to see the gruesome and drove around it a t full speed without comment. Later in the evening, however, around the drinks, he began to talk about it

Incidentally when we invited McMillan we were not sure whether he wanted to talk to us about Osvald or about the situation in Haiti, which was the center of attention at the time. Since I was in charge of the geological Survey and the only American working independently in Haiti at that time, I thought that McMillan wanted an interview with me. And I certainly knew the situation well, and it was different from what the American press had described. In my opinion Dr. Duvalier was an advocate o f the poor Blacks against the rich, French-educated Mulattoes.

This was a simplified version of the situation but better than the full condemnation of the Duvalier regime in Graham Green's "The Comedians".

Anyway, I didn't want him to see that dead man attached to the chair without giving him some facts surrounding the execution. What an impact his report would have on the public in USA if he would start it with the statement about the dead body and the flies.

We brought McMillan to our house because he seemed as a very pleasan individual. He had told us that he defended Blacks' equal rights and that somewhere in the Carolinas, where he lived, KKK burned crosses on his lawn and forced him to leave. Anyway we wanted all our friends who came to visit us in Haiti to know the true facts about the regime- the good and the bad.

Later on when we sat on our terrace to the sounds of the delicate tinkling of "anolis" - small lizzards - and looking at the fatastic view of the City and the dark Bay, McMillan mused aloud:"why didn't you want me to see the cadaver?". He stopped suddenly as a huge tarantula moved slowly on its long legs close to him, He shuddered. "Don't worry I reassured him, "this big ones are not dangerous, only the small ones

"Very simple, I didn't want you to see the dead guerilla, without telling you the facts surrounding his death first." I explained. "After all, Papa Doc is my employer."

But instead of listening to me, or even answering, McMillan launched into the diatribe about the great program NBC were preparing about Warren Report, that we would be the main personalities in it etc. He even offered to bring in the whole TV crew, if we accepted. But sick of all this unwanted publicity, we refused firmly.

Fortunately George McMillan turened out to be an interesting and pleasant a good tennis player. He did not waster his time altogether and we being boycotted by the Americans in Haiti were glad to have with us a liberal, independent person. He left Haiti two days later aking us to re-consider our decision and mentioned a substantial fee.

I asked several friends for adfice regarding this TV matter and they all answered that remaining silent and invisible would ham us. "You are the only ones who could say a few kind words about Osvald," wrote one of my best friends who had met Lee and wasn't entirely convinced of his guilt. "This national TV appearance would dispeal the dangerous aura of mystery in your relationship with Lee," wrote anotehr.

And so, after batting it between us back and forth, we reconsidered our decision, I called McMillan and arrangements were made immediately by NBC to bring us and our faithful pooches to New York City.

The weather was stormy, we had circled for two hours over the city, but the ordeal was over and we landed safely. NBC ~~xxxxxxxx~~ reserved for us an apartment at the Plaza Hotel and the next day we spent the ~~wh~~ whole afternoon in fron the the cameras.

And again, as the interview progressed, it became obvious that the producer and McMillan tried to make me say something derogatory about L Lee and to drag out of me insidicusly some damaging comment to his memory. To them he was definitely the assassin and ~~w~~, possibly, the conspirators or his secret advisors. As Jeanne and I were positive in our non-sensational statements, the whole interview did not make any sense. We were invited to New York on wrong premises that either we would produce some inside information or would prove to millions of Americans who would watch the show that Lee was the only assassin.

Since the Warren Committee, slanted as it was, could never find any reason in Lee's involvment in this crime "of the century", the promo -

ters of the FBI show hoped that i, as his best friend would finally explain his insane action. And that was the reason why we were brough in to New York.

And to Jeanne and I, who did not have any more information than anyone reading newspapers and magazines, Lee remained the same person we knew - eccentric, interestic, warm, close friend and we never considered him seriously as President Kennedy's assassin.

Of course, insanity is a possibility but all the previous incidents and conversations with Lee did not sujest impending insanity. Nor was he ever to us a poor loser, a stupid high-school dropout, a bloodthirsty revolutionery nor a person jealous of other people's success and money. Such people are met everydays on the streets of any American city in groves.

The enclosed picture of Lee with the rifle and Marine's inscription would indicate that he might have been considering hunting fascists -and in his mind General Walker was one - but certainly not our president Kennedy.

A few days later, while still in New York, was saw a complete 30 minutes preview of our appearance, and again we saw what a poor job we did trying to present Lee's side. And later, the worse parts of these

forty minutes interview were used for an hour show, called "The Warren Report" that so many millions saw.

It was like a McCarty era, the time of the government's witchhunt against the "leftists". This was a general hunt, government's and media's against a defenseless dead man.

Upon return to Haiti we knew immediately that something went awry with our relationship with the Haitian government. Usually, we used to go through customs first, cheerfully greeted by Mr. Jolicoeur, a clown-like but charming public relations man for Papa Doc. This time our luggage was searched subrepticiously while militia examined our papers in a different parts of the building. When out luggage and we were reunited - the bulk of maps and information I had carried with me were stolen.

Since they were my property, I lodged a strong protest with our Embassy and the Duvalier's cabinet. Both parties laughed at me.... What maps? What search? Where were you? How naive can you be...